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as it is in the moment of its appearance. This audacious writer is Louise Collier Willcox, and her book is "The Human Way,"* a sheaf of essays, meditative and discursive, upon life and art in their essential aspects.

Mrs. Willcox is not of the current type of pleasantly amiable and aimless essayists. Her Way is no by-path for sentimentalists or for intellectual and spiritual idlers. She is both poet and mystic; she has imagination, sensitiveness, plasticity. Yet she has also what the amiable philosopher of the peptonized school so seldom has—fortifying intellect and profound spiritual intuition. She is a writer who would have made glad the heart of Meredith, for she recognizes brain as "the station for the flight of soul." She is a weaver of dreams; yet she knows that "the laughter of reason refreshed is floriferous, like the magical great gale of the shifty spring deciding for summer." She can write of Friendship, Children, Out-of-doors, with an evident and delightful indifference to the sentimental lure. Wherever her discussions range there issues beauty or illumination. Her culture is mellow and comprehensive, her understanding is ripe and unbaffled; and, like the serene Transcendentalist, she is content to "leave hurry to slaves."

She has produced a book that is as winsome and noble as it is distinguished and exceptional: a book which, one likes to think, brings appreciably nearer that golden hour of fulfilment once seen by Jean Paul Richter—that time "when it shall be light; and when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams and find his dreams still there and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

TRAVEL.

The British officer in his finest flower is a spectacle to make glad the sun and to make strong the earth. Here† we have him in a sort of foot-note to Kipling, another story which should have been told at that great "Conference of the Powers" recorded in "Many Inventions." The tale of the two lions is itself stirring and epical; it is very fine, but the figure of Colonel Patterson

* "The Human Way." By Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

† "The Man - Eaters of Tsavo and Other East-African Adventures." By Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. London: Macmillan & Co., 1908.

is finer. It is rarely that the men who do things can tell of them, but he gives a straightaway vivid narrative that is irresistible. He is as much interested in the railway he built against all sorts of odds as in the big game that he killed by the way; yet every head of game has its own tale, and each that is told is told with Homeric exactitude. He seems to make as much of the lion he stalked, while another stalked him, as of the dangerous mutiny he put down without bloodshed. Always it is the adventure he cares for, always it is life that he wears so lightly. "I felt at once that this was a device to lure me into the narrow part of the ravine where, with gangs in front of me and behind me, there would be no escape; still, I thought I would see the adventure through, whatever came of it, so I accompanied the *jemadar* up the gully." Fiction could not do better than that; it is the very manner of Defoe and Dumas and Mr. Kipling. In the manner, too, of the great adventurers and their great biographers is the matter-of-course indifference to personal danger. "In the whole of my life I have never experienced anything more nerve-shaking than to hear the deep roars of those dreadful monsters growing gradually nearer and nearer. . . . But as something had to be done to keep up the men's spirits, I spent many a weary day crawling on my hands and knees through the dense undergrowth of the exasperating wilderness around us. As a matter of fact, if I had come up with the lions on any of these expeditions, it was much more likely that they would have added me to their list of victims than that I should have succeeded in killing either of them, as everything would have been in their favor." By sheer personality the author has given to his book something which is tantamount to style—by the strength of a complete courage and a trained mastery of men and materials, by the dignity of a great and honorable tradition.

Let it be said at the outset that the authors supply an uncalled-for but admirable map of Persia and Mesopotamia. Let it further be said that the map supplies more agreeable reading than the book*—more instructive, more romantic and very much more

* "Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia." By M. E. Hume-Griffith. With narratives of experiences in both countries by A. Hume-Griffith, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. London: Seeley & Co., 1909.